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OTTO F. HORST, Secy.  
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### FORT HILL.

July 7, 1913.

Will Hoover and wife, of Middletown, are the guests of the latter's parents, James West and wife.

Mrs. Eva Nace, of Sinking Spring, spent Sunday with Mrs. P. A. Klesling.

Tom Tompson, of Bainbridge, was a visitor in our vicinity, Sunday.

Misses Jane and Grace Havens spent Saturday night and Sunday with their sister, Mrs. Blanche Cartwright, at Sinking Spring, and attended the commencement.

Fred Rhoades and family were the guests of S. S. Deardoff and family, Sunday.

C. A. Rhoades and wife spent Saturday night with the former's mother, Mrs. Dora Butler, at Sinking Spring.

Miss Bobb, who is staying with Mrs. J. O. Stults, spent Sunday with her parents, near Carmel.

Miss Verda Wiley, of Locust Grove, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter Badgley, last week.

Simpson West lost a valuable colt this morning from blood poisoning.

Walter Rhoades, of Bainbridge, was the guest of his brother, Fred and family, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. Walter Badgley and Miss Edith Holten were the guests of the former's relatives, near Leesburg, last week.

Harry West, wife and little daughter, of Beech Flatts, called on Mrs. Maud Matthews, Sunday afternoon.

Simpson West and wife, J. O. Stults and wife and Fred Rhoades were visitors in Bainbridge, Saturday.

John Brecknell, of Springfield, arrived Saturday to visit his mother-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Butler.

H. V. Matthews and wife, Bess L. Butler, Benson Butler, Vena Rhoades and O. C. Havens spent the Fourth in Greenfield.

Joe V. McCoppin and family and sisters, Misses Blanche and Lucy, and Miss Head, of Bainbridge, picked up at Butler Springs, the Fourth.

Joe Nace, of Centerfield, is contemplating moving to our vicinity, soon.

Among those who visited at Butler Springs the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. John Farris, Miss Madge Farris, Glenn Farris, Miss Gladys Hogsett, Mrs. Reams and James Mullenix, of Hillsboro, Claude McClure, of Leesburg, Chas. Parrett, wife and two daughters, Misses Dorthie and Virginia, and Edgar Parrett, of Good Hope, J. O. Stults and wife and Joe McCall, of this place.

### For Every Living Thing On The Farm

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Patience—Easily adjusted metal shields have been invented by a New Jersey man to protect a person's hosiery from being soiled as his shoes are being blackened.

Patrice—But why deprive the boot-blacks of a little amusement?—Yonkers Statesman.

If you are a housewife you cannot reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing dishes, sweeping and doing housework all day, and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out into the open air and sunlight. If you do this every day and keep your stomach and bowels in good order by taking Chamberlain's Tablets when needed, you should become both healthy and beautiful. For sale by all dealers. adv

A perfect dynamo that weighs but a quarter of an ounce has been made by a French electrician.

## The Obliging Juryman

He Had Just Time to Serve Before Taking a Train

By ELLSWORTH TOWNSEND

I like to talk with John Atherton, a retired detective friend of mine, for he has a fund of incidents that occurred during the days of his active service that I find interesting. Some of them happened to him personally, and some were told him by his fellow craftsmen during idle hours. This is one of Atherton's stories that especially pleased me from the ingenuity and assurance perpetrated by a rogue:

There are two ways by which crooks work, the one with, the other without confederates. Both ways have their advantages. A man who works alone doesn't have the fear of being betrayed by his pal, for where one is offered an easy letting off from a hard sentence if he will squeal he is pretty liable to squeal. But a man who has a confederate can do what one man can't do alone.

In one way crook pals will usually stand by each other. When one is in danger the other will do all in his power and take considerable risks to help him out. I was once put on a job to track down a man called Jerry Wilson, who was in the confidence department of roguery. Wilson usually worked countrymen. He was one of the most accomplished swindlers I ever met. He had been an actor and was proficient in the art of making up. We would hear of him one day passing as a stockbroker, at another as a clergyman and again as a cotton planter with a perfect southern dialect. Of course we didn't know at the time that these were one and the same man, but we often suspected it and in time learned it from Wilson himself.

One day a countryman reported at police headquarters that he had been victimized by a man who passed himself off for an Englishman. The countryman had come from England twenty years before and had never become Americanized. Englishmen seldom become naturalized. You will find thousands of them in this country, and other countries for that matter, who have become old men and not seen England since they were children and are still British subjects.

The man who picked him up doubtless heard him speak with his British lingo, had stepped up to him and hailed him as a fellow countryman. One born, he said, under the British flag and once accustomed to the home accent could always be placed as an Englishman. Then he launched out on the demerits of this "bloody country" and won the farmer's heart completely.

A confidence man becomes very expert in drawing out information from a greenhorn, and the new acquaintance—Henderson he called himself—was evidently an adept at this work, for the farmer soon learned that they both came from the same county in England and from the same town and knew the same persons. Henderson, being a later arrival, gave his former fellow townsman lots of information as to what had become of many of his old friends—who were living and who were dead and who had married. The result was a friendly drink at a "public," as they call a saloon in England, followed by a friendly game, with the consequent transfer of several hundred dollars of the farmer's money to the pockets of Mr. Henderson, who, when he had drained his fellow countryman's resources, slipped out through a back door.

Well, we got on to Mr. Henderson, but were deficient in proof. The farmer's testimony might have been met by an alibi and other subterfuges, and I decided to capture him at his own game. Having located him, I stood near him and, adopting the British accent, began to talk about dear old Merrie England. The fellow chimed in, and we were soon hobnobbing together. I had my pocketbook stuffed with marked bills, which passed into my countryman's possession. Then I tipped a confederate the wink, and together we took him in.

There couldn't have been a surer case against a man than that, could there? From facts I gathered and the man's ability to personate different characters I believed I had got the slippery Wilson, and I intended to put him where he would trouble the public no longer. In making up a jury to try him we got nine good men, when somehow we couldn't get any further. Some were exempt and some had sufficient excuses. When we got the eleventh man so much time had been lost that the judge was getting impatient. A gentlemanly looking man in the courtroom said that if the trial would not occupy much time he would help us out. He was immediately served with a summons, accepted and sworn in.

The trial didn't require or it was not given a long time. The evidence was perfect, and the conviction was considered a mere matter of form. Besides, there was the gentleman who had volunteered to serve on the case provided he would not be long detained. After he had been sworn in he told the judge that he was really exempt, but would not claim exemption provided he was assured that he would in every probability be discharged within a couple of hours since he was waiting for a train that would leave at the expiration of that time. I think the judge must

have had an engagement himself, for he seemed to be in a hurry. He held a consultation with the prisoner's attorney—whom he had assigned to defend him—who said that he had little or no evidence for the prisoner and did not think what he had would require ten minutes to bring it out. Upon this the judge told the obliging juryman that he was very sure he would have plenty of time to make his train.

"I'm glad of that, your honor," said the gentleman. "There's nothing I dread so much as waiting for anything, especially for a train."

The judge's opinion as to the period of the trial proved quite correct. For awhile it seemed that it would be put through at railroad speed. The charge was read to the prisoner, and he was asked to plead. He said he was a British subject and asked if that would make any difference. When told that it would not he pleaded not guilty.

I gave my account of how I had trapped him, and his victim testified against him. The accused declared that he was a British subject from Australia and if his home were not so far away he could easily prove his respectability. The twelfth juryman impudently asked him a few questions about Australia, which he answered evidently to the juryman's satisfaction. But this didn't cut any figure because it didn't matter where he came from. We had the deadwood on him.

We expected the jury to convict him without leaving their seats, but they didn't. Then we thought they might be half an hour, but the half hour passed, and they didn't come back. The judge went home to dinner, leaving instructions to be called when a verdict was reached. He wasn't called.

The jury remained out the rest of the day and all night. In the morning they sent word that they would like to be discharged since they couldn't agree. This made the judge angry, and he sent back word that the evidence was absolutely convincing and they must agree. Indeed, they were given to understand that they must bring in a verdict or they would be kept where they were till the crack of doom. They stood out till about 10 o'clock the second night, then sent word that they had come to an agreement. The judge was summoned, and they filed into court. The judge asked the customary questions.

"Have you arrived at a verdict?"  
"We have, your honor."

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty of the charge?"

"Not guilty."

"What?"

"Not guilty, your honor."

There was nothing to do in accordance with the law except to discharge them. Convinced that there had been some rascality practiced, I stationed myself at the door and scrutinized every man as he went out. I noticed that the twelfth juryman, who had volunteered, led the rest out of the courtroom, and I heard him descending the stairs three steps at a time.

I was convinced that he had imposed on us all with a view to getting on the jury, then standing out for an acquittal. I learned that he had told his fellow juryman that he had lived in Australia and had known the prisoner there and could vouch for his being a respected citizen of Melbourne. He was sure that he had been mistaken for some one else and would not on any account vote for a conviction. Not until the others became convinced that the man was not to be moved did they conclude to bring in a verdict of not guilty rather than disagree and subject the state to the expense of another trial.

There was no way of holding the man who had been tried. He had been acquitted of the charge of which he was accused and could not be tried again for that crime. So we made a virtue of necessity and let him go.

Six months after this two men were arrested for confidence work. I went to the trial for information and a look at the prisoners, since it was my custom to keep track of the rogues brought in. The moment I looked at the prisoners I recognized both of them. One was the man who had swindled the farmer and whom I had supposed to be Jerry Wilson. The other—would you believe it?—was the twelfth juryman who had forced his acquittal.

But this was not all of my surprise. At the trial of the two men it came out that this twelfth juryman, who was willing to help us out if it didn't take too long, was none other than Jerry Wilson. He and the other man, Tom Murphy (and other names), had long worked confidence games together, and when his pal was in trouble Wilson had made himself up for a gentleman, had gone into the courtroom to watch the impanelling of the jury and in the nick of time had offered himself to help us out.

I confess that in all my experience I never knew a clearer case of one rogue standing by another. Wilson ran an awful risk. Had I known when he left the courtroom that he had single handed "hung" the jury I should have kept him in sight, trumped up a charge against him and held him till I could find out who he was. That he feared something of the kind was evident from the haste with which he got away.

After the conviction of the two men (they were sent up for twenty years) I visited Wilson in jail, and he told me much about his operations. He said that when he played the twelfth juryman trick he was more afraid of my getting on to it than any one else, for I had completely outwitted his pal with my marked bills. When he saw me station myself at the courtroom door to watch the outgoing of the juryman he thought it was all up with him. The moment he reached the street he ran like a deer, entered an alley and was soon beyond capture.

### LYNCHBURG.

July 7, 1913.

Neville Nolder, of Dayton, is spending his vacation with relatives here.

Frank McCabe and sister, Helen, of Cincinnati, are visiting at the home of their uncle, Pat McCabe and wife.

Mrs. J. B. Hunter and daughter, Bessie, left July 8. for Cleveland to visit relatives.

D. S. Simpkins and wife and Mrs. Emma Shaffer were at Martinsville with Homer Eaglin and family, Sunday.

Mrs. Burch Brown, of Buford, and Miss Lella Moon, of Columbus, are the guests of U. G. Pence and wife, this week.

Mrs. Lucinda Bering is sick.

Mrs. Ogden and Mrs. Clarke Ogden, of Hillsboro, were guests Sunday at the home of Wm. Dumenil.

Wm. West and family were visitors in Clarksville Sunday afternoon.

Eldo Hudgel and wife and daughter, of Bridgeport, Ill., are guests of Adda Vance.

C. E. Haller left Monday for a month's visit in Oklahoma.

A number of the ladies of the Lutheran church spent Thursday at the home of Mrs. Wm. Pagen.

Mrs. Wm. Stautner and children returned home Tuesday from a visit with relatives in Kentucky. She was accompanied home by her mother, Mrs. Noel, of Glencoe, Ky.

Mrs. Geo. Kessinger spent last week with her daughter at Barnesville.

S. S. Puckett and wife had their son, Orville and wife, of Cincinnati with them last week.

J. A. Bering and wife returned to their home in Covington, Tuesday, after a three weeks visit with friends here.

M. E. Sonner and family and Mrs. Clarus Roush were guests at the home of Frank Haller, of Taylorsville, Sunday.

V. Duncanson and wife and son, Lowell, and Mrs. Gibson were in Cincinnati, Monday.

Dr. VanPelt the Dist. Supt., delivered a very able and interesting discourse at the M. E. church Sunday night.

Mrs. Arthur Buck, of Hillsboro, spent Tuesday here, the guest of Mrs. Harry Murphy.

Mrs. Frank Timms left Thursday for a few days visit in Indianapolis, before returning to her home at Buffalo, N. Y.

Leslie Heider, of Hyde Park, is spending a couple of weeks with Ed DeLaney.

Misses Hazel McCann, Myrta McCann, Marie Perry and Mary West are spending three weeks with friends at Bethany.

Mrs. W. A. Saylor was the guest of Mrs. R. M. Lyle, of Hillsboro, and Mrs. Worley Moore, of Cincinnati, the latter part of the week.

Nelle DeLaney, Hilda Goddard and Hazel Galliet, chaperoned by Mrs. Anna Fields, spent the Fourth at Martinsville and New Vienna.

J. W. Ellis, of Sharpsville, was with Clarence Dean and wife, Sunday.

Mrs. Stella Stabler spent the latter part of the week with her father, Isma Troth.

Miss Marian DeLaney was with her friend, Catherine Penquite, at Blanchester over the Fourth.

Robert Keislick, wife and daughter were called to Milwaukee last week on account of the serious illness of her father.

Tom Lafferty and wife, of Fayetteville, were callers at the home of Ferd Ratcliff, Sunday.

Cal Stroup and wife, of Dodsonville, were guests of Chas Stroup and family, Sunday.

Mack Davis and wife and Mrs. Runyan were guests of Charles Bateman and wife, Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Hall is seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. R. B. Wiggins.

Rev. W. H. Dresch was granted a two weeks vacation by the Quarterly Conference and he left this morning for Chicago to visit his mother, the Conference also voted for his return to this charge for the coming year.

J. A. McAdow has been confined to his home for the past week, but is somewhat better.

Dr. McAdow spent Friday and Saturday with his son at Cincinnati.

### Pet Poodles

or any other kind of a dog or animal can be kept in good condition by the use of Humphreys' Veterinary Remedies—A 500 page book on the treatment and care of animals, will be mailed absolutely free, on receipt of your address. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co., 156 William St. New York. adv

Affable Passenger—Indeed, and you are a music-hall artist! I am a banker and I think it must be at least 20 years since I was in a music hall.

Music-hall Artists (regretfully)—And I am quite certain, sir, it's 20 years since I was in a bank.—Sacred Heart Review.

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SHACKELTON.

July 7, 1913.

Mr Davidson and wife are entertaining relatives from Middletown and Dayton.

Frank Orebaugh and family entertained to dinner Sunday: Harley and Earl Pence, of Dayton, Lewis Orebaugh and wife, June Dury and Mildred Duncan, of Hillsboro.

Oscar Charles, wife and two sons, Phillip and Daniel, of the Philippine Islands, and Miss Lucile Warren, of Westerville, arrived Saturday to spend the summer with the former's parents, P. W. Charles and wife.

General Pence and family, Mrs. L. J. Pence, Stella Orebaugh and son, Chas. visited with Aunt Mahala McKee and family, Thursday.

Ellis Wilkin spent the Fourth in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Will Charles and sister, Mrs. Herman Wilkin, spent Monday afternoon at the home of General Pence.

Mrs. Ed. Pence spent a part of last week with her mother, Mrs. Lamonda, of Hollowtown, who is seriously ill.

Hugh Pence, of Dayton, and John West, of Hillsboro, spent Tuesday at the home of General Pence.

Charles Trop and wife entertained to dinner Sunday: Dan Welty, of Hillsboro, Chester Hardin, wife and son, Donald, of Wilmington, and George Culhan, wife and two daughters, of Russell.

Mrs. Sarah Purdy, of Hillsboro, spent Friday night with her daughter, Mrs. Allin Pence.

Mrs. Joe Barnett took dinner Sunday with Ed. Pence and family. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Devina Wednesday, July 2, a daughter.

Miss Willa Robinson was the guest of Arthur Chaney and family, Thursday.

Charles Jonte, of Norwood, spent from Friday till Sunday with home folks.

Miss Josephine Wilkin spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Clark Hunter.

The Mt. Zion church has been greatly beautified by being newly papered and repainted. After this being completed, about forty of the members gathered at the church Friday afternoon and cleaned the floors and furniture. After which the same evening they all gathered at the home of G. G. O. Pence and enjoyed themselves eating ice cream and cake and drinking lemonade.